

# JUMBO COMICS



No. 89  
JULY  
10¢

## Sheena

JUNGLE QUEEN  
GHOST SLAVES  
BWANA ROJO  
GHOST GALLERY  
THE HAWK-EYED GIRL  
and other top features...

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**GHOST SLAVES**

**BY BWANA ROJO**

**GHOST GALLERY**

**THE HAWK-SKY GIRL**

*and other top features...*

# THE BIG WINNERS OF THE COMICS!

EACH ONE A WINNER...  
JAM-PACKED WITH  
FAST ACTION AND  
DRAMATIC ADVENTURE!

ON SALE-25¢

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Guess?  
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best!

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ON SALE-5¢

ON SALE-10¢

LOOK FOR THE  
**BULL'S-EYE!**



A  
FICTION  
HOUSE  
MAGAZINE

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NEXT ISSUE OF JUMBO COMICS (No. 90, AUG.) ON SALE AT YOUR NEWSSTAND JULY 1st.

# SHEENA

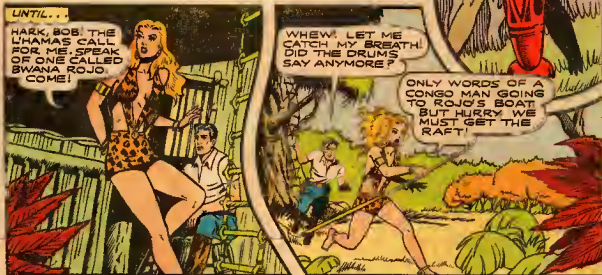
## Queen of the Jungle

BY W. JACKSON THOMAS

DOWN THE SWIRLING STREAM  
IT FLOWED... A RIVER PACKET OF  
GREED, OF HATE, OF EVIL... LED  
BY THE DEVIL'S MATE, BWANA ROJO.  
AND THE WHEELS OF CHANCE  
WOULD SPIN, ORDAINING THE MATE  
OF SHEENA TO BE TRIBUTE TO THE  
GOLDEN CLAWS OF DEATH!

WAH, CONGO MAN GO TO  
SEE BWANA ROJO! BUT  
ROJO MUCH EVIL... MUCH  
STRONG. MUST WARN  
MY VILLAGE!





GOOD GRIEF. IT'S A WHITE MAN. HE'LL MAKE THE SHORE SAFELY... LUCKY THE COILED BRUTE IN THE TREES DIDN'T ATTACK.

HOPEFUL WORDS! LOOK, ANOTHER JUNGLE KILLER THREATENS!

S-SHEENA... MUST REACH HER... BUT THE HORNED DEVIL CHARGES!

MY SHAFT MUST WING TRUE!

TOO LATE, SHEENA, HE'S A GONER! WAIT, LISTEN...

SHEENA, BEWARE BWANA ROJO BOAT... GHOST SLAVES... BEWARE... CABIN... OHH!

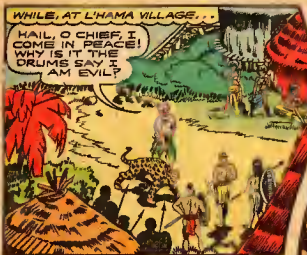
DEAD! BUT SEE THE CLAW MARKS ON HIS BODY...

...SOMEHOW HIS DEATH IS MIXED WITH THIS EVIL OF BWANA ROJO. LISTEN, THE DRUMS!

STILL THE L'HAMAS, EH? WE'LL BURY THIS POOR FELLOW AND SEE WHAT WE CAN DO TO HELP THEM.









SECONDS LATER...

STRANGE, THE GIRL  
AND HER NATIVES  
COMPLETELY  
DISAPPEARED!

STRANGER STILL,  
WHY WERE THEY  
HERE?...AND WHY  
DID THE L'HAMA  
DRUMS STOP?  
BUT NO MATTER...  
DARKNESS FALLS.  
WE WILL CAMP  
HERE  
FOR  
T-O-NIGHT.

LATER, AS  
MORNING  
BREAKS,  
SHEENA  
AND BOB  
TREK THE  
LONG TRAIL  
TOWARD  
L'HAMA,  
AND AS  
THEY  
NEAR  
THE  
BOMBA  
RIVER...

BOB, LOOK... THAT  
MUST BE ROJO'S  
BOAT... AND THERE  
MUST LIE THE KEY  
TO UNLOCK THIS  
MYSTERY.

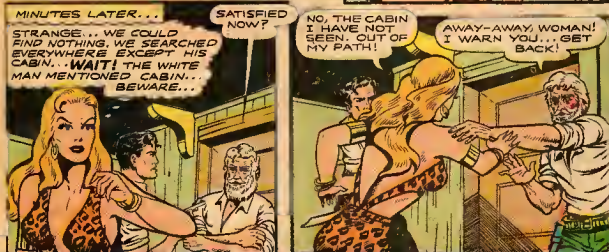
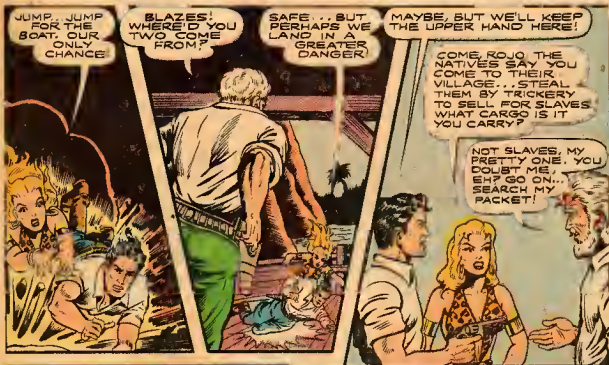
YES AND I'VE GOT  
A HUNCH HE'LL  
KNOW SOMETHING  
ABOUT THE DRUMS  
AND THE NATIVE  
GIRL!

ABOVE...

MAYOMBA, IT IS  
SHEENA AND HER  
MATE! WE MUST  
KILL THEM OR ROJO  
WILL BE ANGERED!  
WAIT, THIS ROCK...

HURRY,  
HURRY,  
ROLL IT  
OFF THE  
LEDGE!

SHEENA -  
SHEENA!  
AVALANCHE!  
WE'RE  
TRAPPED!



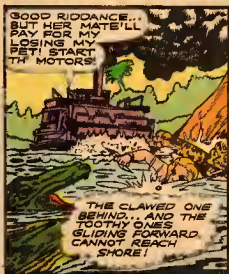


QUICK, GRAB HIM...  
TH' CAT'LL HANDLE  
TH' WOMAN!

OH! IF I CAN  
REACH MY  
KNIFE...



SUDDENLY...  
BLAZES! THE RAIL BROKE  
AND TH' CROCS HAVE  
ALREADY SPOTTED 'EM!



GOOD RIDDANCE...  
BUT HER MATE'LL  
PAY FOR MY  
LOSING MY  
PET! START  
TH' MOTORS!

THE CLAWED ONE  
BEHIND... AND THE  
TOOTHY ONES  
GLIDING FORWARD  
CANNOT REACH  
SHORE!



LATER, AS ROJO'S  
PACKET DOCKS...

AH MY MATE  
GREET'S ME... BUT  
I'LL TO HER IF SHE  
HASN'T DONE MY  
COMMANDS!



COME, UNLOAD TH'  
L'HAMA SLAVES  
FROM TH' BOAT.  
AND AS FOR YOU,  
WOMAN, HAVE YE  
CLEANED TH' OLD  
SLAVE CAVES?

YES, MASTER. LAST  
NIGHT SHEENA  
COME... LATER I  
TRY TO KILL...  
NOW WE PUT HIS  
MATE IN CAVES  
WITH OTHERS.

WHAT!! A  
HIDDEN HOLD  
IN THE BOAT.  
SO THAT'S  
WHY WE DIDN'T  
FIND ANYTHING!



SWIFTLY...  
IN WITH YOU...  
NOW, TURN  
THE WHEEL...  
LIFT THE  
CAGE TO  
THE CAVES  
ABOVE!

SHEENA DEAD...  
AND NOT MUCH  
HOPE FOR ME!

BUT, IF BOB COULD HAVE SEEN HIS MATE MINUTES BEFORE

SO THE SPOTTED KILLER AND THE LONG NOSES WOULD FEAST ON ME!



BUT LET THEM FEAST ON EACH OTHER! NOW, MUST STROKE SWIFTLY!



THEN, THE JUNGLE EXPRESS, UNTIL

THE SLAVE PENS ARE JUST AHEAD... WAIT! BELOW I SEE MY MATE WITH ROJO... WHAT EVIL DOES HE PLAN?



AS...

PLACE SHEENA'S MATE AND THE OLD U'HAMA CHIEF ON EACH END OF THE LOG! COME, MY PRETTY ONE, FROM THIS PLATFORM WE'LL WATCH 'EM BALANCE ABOVE THE LEOPARD PIT.



SEE-SAW, THAT'S WHAT IT IS. BUT LET'S SEE WHAT THIS ROCK KIN DO ABOUT IT!



OH! THE BOARD'S TIPPING TOWARD THE KILLER CATS! AND ALL I'VE GOT TO WARD 'EM OFF IS THIS POLE!







ABOVE...

I MUST SAVE THEM, I MUST! BUT HOW CAN I CLIMB BELOW IN TIME? WAIT... THAT ROPE... I USED TO LIFT THE CAGES LEADS TO THE PLATFORM!

A LOOPED VINE WILL SPEED MY JOURNEY



ROJO... HE LIFTS YET ANOTHER STONE! HOLD!

ROJO ROJO! LOOK OUT!



WHAT!! SHEENA! KILL HER!

ONCE BEFORE MY ROCK FAILED TO KILL THE GOLDEN ONE BUT THIS TIME MY BLADE WILL RUN RED!

BOASTFUL WORDS! GO! GO BACK TO THE MAN OF EVIL YOU FOLLOW!



FOOL... I'M SLIPPING!

OH!!

LATER...

NO LONGER ARE YOU SLAVES, L'HAMAS, BUT SEE THAT YOUR PUNISHMENT OF ROJO'S NATIVES IS JUST... AND HARSH!



SHEENA, JUNGLE QUEEN, APPEARS IN EVERY JUMBO Comic!!

# The Hawk

BY WILLIS RENSIE

A COMMAND VOYAGE, CROWNED WITH PERIL, FILLS THE ACCOUNT OF AN INCREDIBLE ADVENTURE NARRATED BY CAPTAIN HAWK AT HIS HOST'S REQUEST... AND ETCHED DEEP IN THE MEMORY OF IT ALL, IS THE HAUNTING NAME OF THE BEAUTIFUL LOLI MAI!

A TOAST TO YE FRIEND HAWK, AND THE BRAVE MEN OF YOUR SHIP...

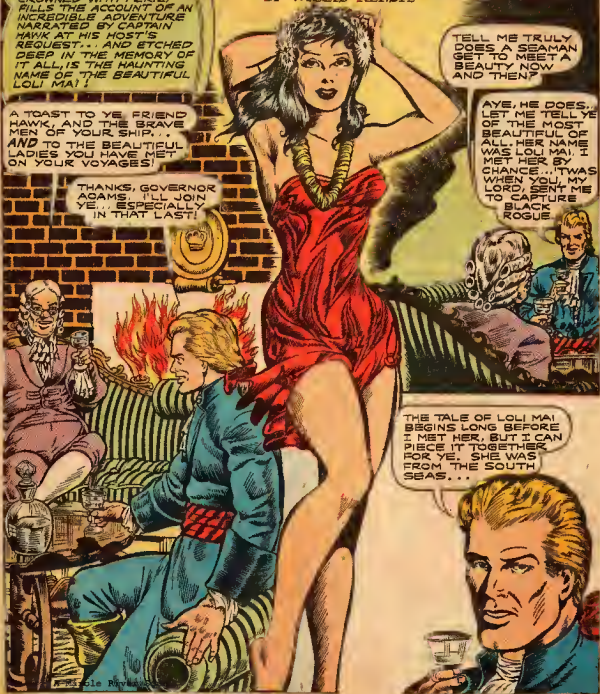
AND TO THE BEAUTIFUL LADIES YOU HAVE MET ON YOUR VOYAGES!

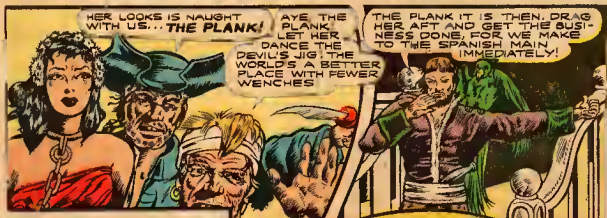
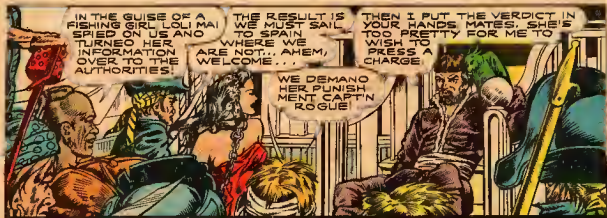
THANKS, GOVERNOR ACAMS. I'LL JOIN YE... ESPECIALLY IN THAT LAST!

TELL ME TRULY DOES A SEAMAN GET TO MEET A BEAUTY NOW AND THEN?

AYE, HE DOES. LET ME TELL YE OF THE MOST BEAUTIFUL OF ALL. HER NAME WAS LOLI MAI. I MET HER BY CHANCE... 'T WAS WHEN YOU, MY LORD, SENT ME TO CAPTURE BLACK ROGUE

THE TALE OF LOLI MAI BEGINS LONG BEFORE I MET HER, BUT I CAN PIECE IT TOGETHER FOR YE. SHE WAS FROM THE SOUTH SEAS...



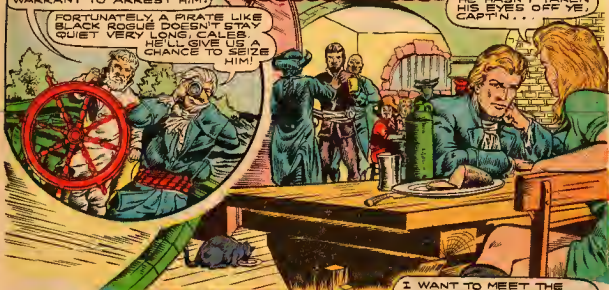


PORT AHEAD AND HERE WE ARE ON A HUNT. YET EVEN IF WE SNARE OUR GAME, WE'VE NO WARRANT TO ARREST HIM!

FORTUNATELY, A PIRATE LIKE BLACK ROGUE DOESN'T STAY QUIET VERY LONG CALES. HE'LL GIVE US A CHANCE TO SEIZE HIM!

"THERE WAS BUT ONE TAVERN, SO IT WAS NOT ODD THAT WE SHOULD MEET THERE... NOT ODD, BUT EXTREMELY DELICATE..."

HE HASN'T TAKEN HIS EYES OFF YE, CAPT'N...



HE'S REELING WITH SPANISH WINE AND SEEMS TO WANT A VISIT WITH YOU. YET HIS MEN HOLD HIM BACK...

IF TROUBLE STARTS, YOU LEAVE! THAT'S AN ORDER!

THEN IT'S BEST BID YE GOODNIGHT NOW... I'D ALSO SUGGEST YE FINGER YOUR BLADE AND TURN AROUND!

I WANT TO MEET THE FAVORED LIEUTENANT OF GOVERNOR ADAMS... SO... YOU'RE THE LOUDEST THAT MAKES PIRATES SHAKE IN THEIR BOOTS, EH?

REMOVE YOUR HAND FROM MY SHOULDER, SIR, OR I'LL BE OBLIGED TO REMOVE IT MYSELF.



YE DIDN'T EXPECT BLACK ROGUE'S MATTIES WOULD STAND BACK AND PERMIT YE TO TALK LIKE THAT TO 'IM, DID YE, BARNACLE?

GOOD! NOW I'LL SLIT HIS THROAT!

DON'T BE A BLUNDER-HEAD, ROGUE... LET'S GO! HE'S GOT MEMBERS OF HIS CREW ABOUT THE PLACE, AN' WE CAN'T AFFORD A TANGLE!





AFTER AN ETERNITY OF SECONDS... I OPENED MY EYES...

W.: WHERE ARE MY CREW? WHO ARE YOU?

THEY PURSUE THE OTHERS CAPTAIN HAWK... AND I... I AM LOLI MAI A FRIEND.



THANK YOU, LOLI MAI... IT'S A STRANGE NAME YOU HONOR FOR A SPANISH GIRL.

I AM A STRANGE GIRL, SENOR FOLLOW ME, I WISH A PRIVATE WORD WITH YOU.



IF YOU WOULD OVERTAKE BLACK ROSSIE, LURE HIM OUT OF THE HARBOR... I CAN OFFER YOU MUCH HELP...

WHO TOLD YOU OF MY PURPOSE HERE? HOW DO YOU KNOW THESE THINGS?



A DANCING GIRL OVERHEARS MUCH, SENOR. I BEG YOU, DO AS I BID AND...

YOU HAVE BEEN KING, MILAOY, BUT TO DANCE AND CAPTURE BLOODTHIRSTY PIRATES ARE TWO DIFFERENT THINGS. AGAIN I THANK YOU AND GOOD-NIGHT.



LURE HIM TO DEEPER WATERS, INDEED! PERCHANCE THE LADY WOULD RECEIVE A FANCY BONUS FOR PASSING SUCH A SUGGESTION... IF I WAS TO HEED TO IT...



AH, THERE YOU ARE, CAPT'N! JUST GOING BACK TO FETCH YOU. THOSE EELS SLIPPED THROUGH OUR FINGERS... AND NOW THEY'RE LEAVING PORT!

SAILING, EH? WELL, SO ARE WE! AFTER THEM!



"A HUNDRED FINGERS WORKED SETTING SAIL, YE TIME SPED BY... WE WATCHED THE OUTLINE OF THE ONYX, BUT WE WERE PULLING FROM OUR MOORING BEFORE WE SAW SOMETHING ELSE..."

LOOK! A STOWAWAY!

BY THE FLAG! IT'S HER!



HOW DID YOU GET HERE... AND WHY?

I CAME IN A SMALL BOAT, SENOR. IT IS TIED UP TO ONE OF YOUR LINES AND EVEN NOW BOBS BEHIND US. I AM HERE TO HELP YOU.



MADAME, YOUR STUPIDITY RIVALS YOUR BEAUTY! THIS TIME YOU RISK YOUR NECK, FOR WE ARE OUT ON A HUNT. I AM COMPELLED TO PUT YOU IN IRONS. CALEB, TAKE THE LADY AWAY!

YOU MUST LISTEN... YOU MUST!



NOW, NOW, LASS...

HEAR ME OUT! BLACK ROGUE WILL ALLOW YOU TO CATCH UP WITH HIM, DO SO! IF HE FIRES PORTSIDE, HEED YOUR STARBOARD! IT IS A TRAP HE SPRINGS!

CALEB, TAKE HER AWAY!



MARK MY WORDS, CAPTAIN!



A REMARKABLE WOMAN!

REMARKABLE, INDEED!

AHOY CAPTAIN HAWK! THE ONYX IS LOSING SPEED... WE'LL SOON BE UP TO HER!

GOOD! NOW WE'RE GETTING SOMEWHERE!



"AS IF CHANGING SOME HASTY PLAN, BLACK ROGUE ALLOWED US TO PULL UP TO HIM BROAD-SIDES... I SHOUTED AN ORDER..."

IN THE NAME OF THE KING WE SEE FIT TO COME ABOARD YOUR SHIP, BLACK ROGUE, STAND BY

"BUT... EVEN AS THE WIND CARRIED MY WORDS, A SMOULDERING BLAST HIT US BROADSIDE."

MAN THE GUNS! RETURN THAT BALL!

IT IS AS **SHE** SAID... PERHAPS I'M A FOOL... BUT...

DIVIDE YOURSELVES HALF OF YE TO THE STARBOARD THE REST TO THE PORT... BE SURE YE'RE WELL ARMED!

HE'S DONE WHAT THE WENCH SAID...

AYE! IF IT WASN'T MUTINY TO DISOBEY...

BUT THE ORDER WAS DANGEROUSLY TIMELY...

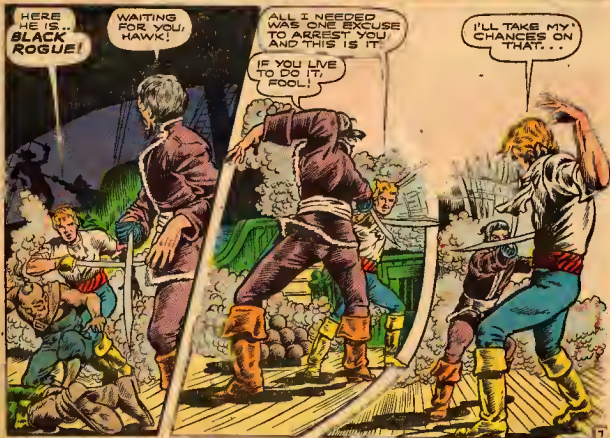
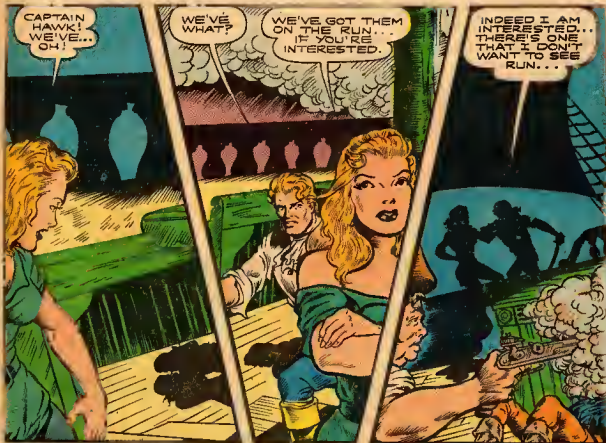
LOOK! SHE WAS RIGHT... THEY'RE BOARDING US!

I'VE GOT TO UN-CHAIN THAT GIRL CALES ANYTHING CAN HAPPEN... SHE DESERVES HER CHANCE, TOO...

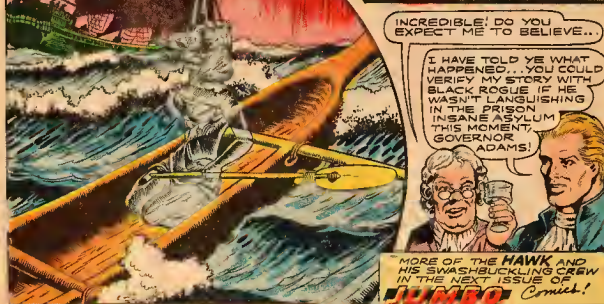
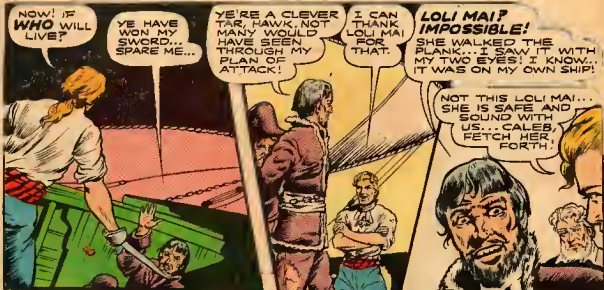
GO AHEAD, SON.

I WANT TO APOLOGIZE... IT'S STILL SAFE DOWN HERE SO KEEP OFF THE DECK... AND I WANT TO THANK YOU...

THEN WHY DON'T YOU?







# Stuart **TAYLOR** *in* WEIRD STORIES of the SUPERNATURAL

BY CURT DAVIS



DOWN THROUGH THE YEARS, LONG, WEARY YEARS OF TOIL AND STRUGGLE, MAN HAS DREAMED OF HARNESSING THE FUTURE. GENIUS AFTER GENIUS SET HIMSELF TO THE TASK OF CONQUERING TOMORROW AND MET TIME... YET NOW, THE ABLE, BUT TREMBLING, HANDS OF DR. HAYWARD HAVE RAISED THE CURTAIN OF MYSTERY EVER SO SLIGHTLY AND...

THAT'LL REALLY REVOLUTIONIZE THINGS ONCE YOU GET IT STARTED, EH, DOC?

YES, INDEED. THE GOVERNMENT IS GREATLY INTERESTED AND IS GOING TO ASSIGN PROTECTION UNTIL IT IS FINISHED.

MURMANSK TO PHILADELPHIA... SPACE BUS LEAVING IMMEDIATELY! TICKETS, PLEASE.

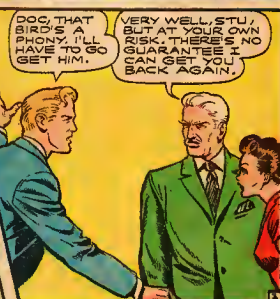
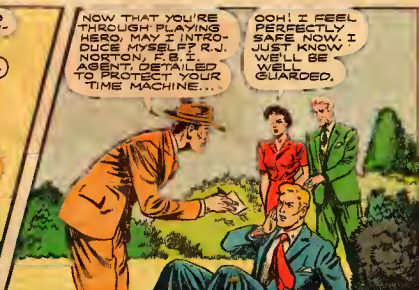
I'M REALLY ON THE VERGE OF SOMETHING TREMENDOUS WITH THIS MACHINE TO CONTACT THE FUTURE... IF ONLY I COULD SYNCHRONIZE VOICES AND IMAGES...

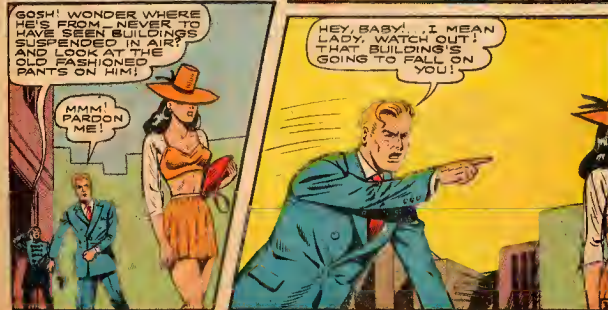
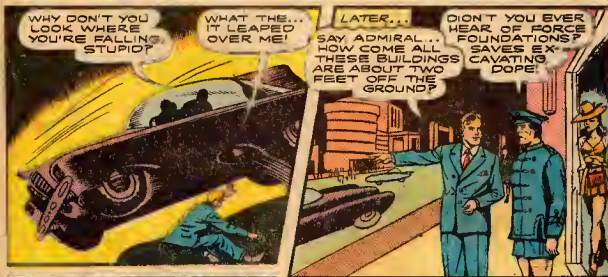
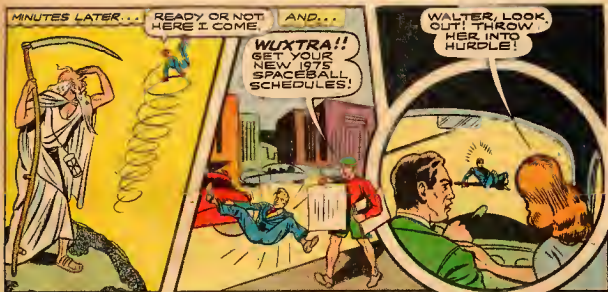
HOLY COW!

SUDDENLY...

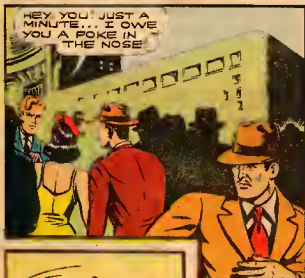
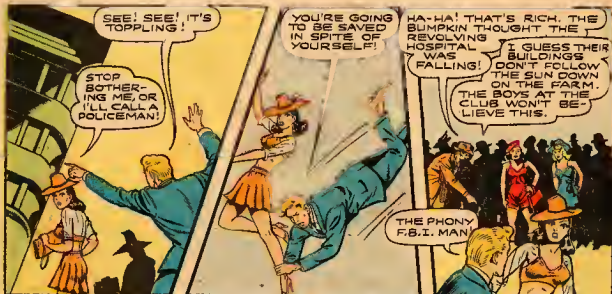
WHAT IS IT, STU?

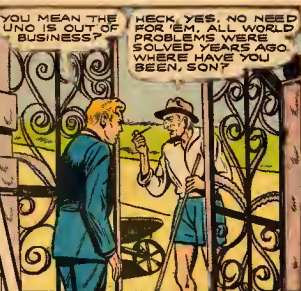
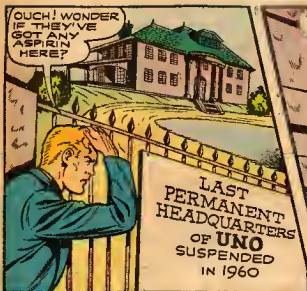
WAIT A MINUTE! I HEARD SOMEONE SNOOPING!

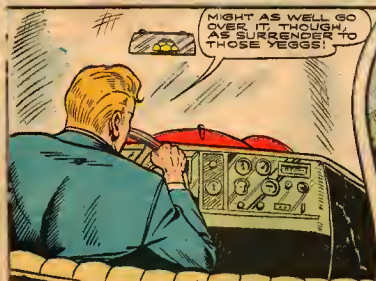
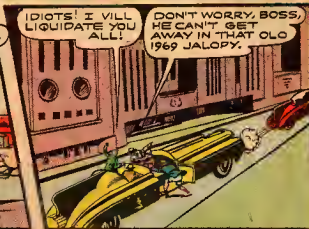
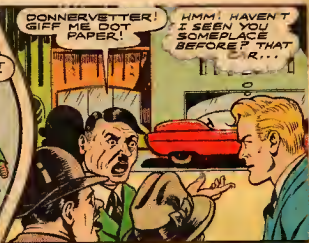


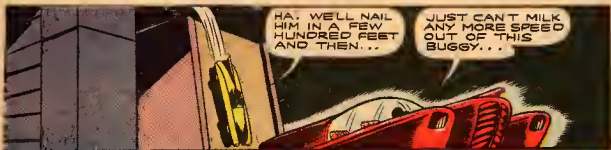






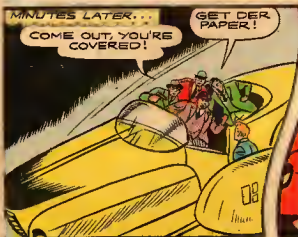






HA. WE'LL NAIL HIM IN A FEW HUNDRED FEET AND THEN...

JUST CAN'T MILK ANY MORE SPEED OUT OF THIS BUGGY...



MINUTES LATER...

COME OUT, YOU'RE COVERED!

GET DER PAPER!



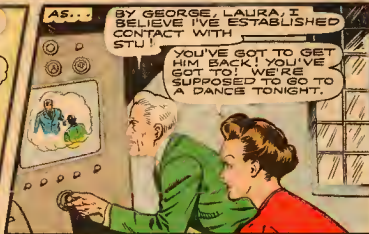
SO VISE GUY, YOU THOUGHT TO MAKE ME FAIL A SECOND TIME!

BROTHER, HOW I'D LIKE TO BE UP AN ALLEY WITH YOU ALONE!



UND NOW YOU PAY FOR YOUR MEDDLING!

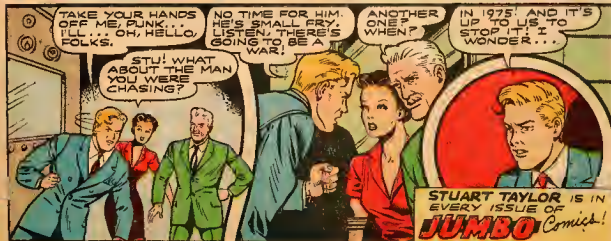
OH, DOC, HEAR ME NOW!



AS...

BY GEORGE, LAURA, I BELIEVE I'VE ESTABLISHED CONTACT WITH STU!

YOU'VE GOT TO GET HIM BACK! YOU'VE GOT TO! WE'RE SUPPOSED TO GO TO A DANCE TONIGHT.



TAKE YOUR HANDS OFF ME, PUNK... I'LL ... OH, HELLO, FOLKS.

NO TIME FOR HIM. HE'S SMALL FRY. LISTEN, THERE'S GOING TO BE A WAR!

ANOTHER ONE? WHEN?

IN 1975! AND IT'S UP TO US TO STOP IT! I WONDER...

STU! WHAT ABOUT THE MAN YOU WERE CHASING?

STUART TAYLOR IS IN EVERY ISSUE OF **JUMBO Comics!**



# SHEENA AND THE PIT OF VENGEANCE

by MORGAN W. THOMAS

**S**HEENA, Bob and little Chim were returning from a visit to a neighboring village. Sheena, carrying the little Chimpanzee on her shoulder, swung agilely along through the trees while Bob, far below on the jungle trail, had almost to run to keep up with her.

Abruptly Sheena halted and listened. She placed a silencing finger across the lips of the chattering little animal, "Be quiet, Chim." She remained motionless and almost invisible in the trees.

"Bob," she called softly. "Do you hear something strange in the jungle? As though something is hurt, or being tortured?"

Bob strained to hear, drawing his revolver as he did so. In the jungle things are often not what they seem, and it is always well to be prepared.

"Yes, Sheena," he called up to her. "I hear it now. It comes from over in that thicket of iron-wood trees."

Swiftly, her tawny limbs flashing against the deep green of the jungle, Sheena approached the spot indicated by Bob. He was still making his way with difficulty through the dense undergrowth when he heard her cry out.

"Over here, Bob. Quickly! It is Nanga and he is in trouble."

A moment later Bob stood beside her, looking down into a deep pit. Leaves, sticks, and earth had been arranged over the mouth of the hole so that it resembled the rest of the jungle floor—until someone stepped on it!

\* A series of low, guttural moans came from the depths of the pit, broken every now and then by a weak bellow of rage.

"Nanga, the bull ape!" exclaimed Bob. "But how . . ."

Sheena was peering down into the pit, balancing precariously on the crumbling edge. She spoke a few gruff words, in the language of the apes which Bob could not understand. The sounds from below ceased and Sheena turned to Bob.

"Nanga was lured to this place by the smell

of the sweet *capchon* root." She sniffed at the air with her own keen nostrils. "The odor is still strong here. Nanga grew careless at the thought of such a feast and tumbled into the pit. Look well and you can see the sharp pointed stakes set into the walls. They slant downward, so that even Sheena could not escape without assistance."

Something flashed in Bob's memory. Once, several years before, such pits had appeared in the jungle to trap unwary animals and even the natives themselves.

"Then this is the work of a white hunter," he cried. "But we have seen none of that kind for many months! Besides, you have the word of the High Commissioner. He promised . . ."

Sheena's beautiful face twisted in anger. Never before had Bob seen her so furious. "Yes," she said. "The High Commissioner promised there would be no more traps set in Sheena's country, to trap her jungle people and sell them into captivity. He is an honest man and I think he spoke truth, but there are white men who defy him—and Sheena! But come, Bob, we must save Nanga first. Then Sheena has plans . . . plans the white hunter will not like."

A few minutes later Sheena was poised on the very end of a thick branch extending from a wild acacia tree to just over the center of the pit. Chim, chattering and clapping his hands in excitement, handed her the long grass rope he had fetched from the tree hut, and she lowered it into the dark hole in the earth.

Nanga clutched the end of the rope and was hauled up between the rows of cruel, pointed stakes. Bob remained to aid the wounded ape when he reached the brink of the pit.

It was soon over. Nanga muttered a few guttural words of thanks and limped away homeward, but when Chim and Bob showed signs of leaving, Sheena halted them.

"We have much work to do," she told them. "We will prepare a pit for the white man. He shall see how Sheena's jungle friends suffer."

"But, Sheena," objected Bob, "we have no tools. The white hunters employ natives to dig the pits with picks and shovels. Without such things we could never dig a hole."

Sheena smiled. "Do not forget, my mate, that we of the jungle have cunning. Sheena has none of these things which you call tools, but she has sharp wits—and a sharp knife. Come, let us get to work."

It was not long before Bob and Chim understood her words. Using their sharp knives they cut and hacked at the surrounding trees and bushes until their whole appearance had been changed. Then Sheena pointed to a tall, peeled sapling which had been jabbed into the earth near the pit's edge.

"The cruel ones left that sapling as a marker. We will move it but a few feet and it will betray them. When they come to inspect the trap they will fall into it themselves. Hurry, the sun is sinking and perhaps the white man and his friends will come while it is still light."

Soon all was exactly as Sheena had ordered. Bob carefully scraped earth and leaves over the mouth of the pit, and the peeled sapling was removed to another place where it would give a false indication of the trap's location. Suddenly Sheena held up a warning hand.

"Someone comes. Into the jungle and be silent. We shall see what kind of man it is who defies both the High Commissioner and Sheena, Queen of the Jungle."

They had not long to wait. A single white man clad in hunter's togs and high leather boots, emerged from a clump of serpent vines. He had a narrow, cruel face. Behind him trotted several natives bearing a large cage constructed of tough mahogany saplings and bound with withes.

The white man paused. A look of puzzlement crossed his swarthy, bearded face. "Ahanni," he rasped. "You black beggar! Something is wrong here. It does not look the same."

A tall native stepped forward. "But yes, B'wana! See—yonder is the peeled stick as a marker"

The white man nodded, though suspicion still lingered in his small, close set eyes. He moved forward—and crashed through the thin layer of leaves and earth covering the pit. He screamed in shock and surprise as he fell past the sharpened stakes.

"Wah!" The tall native stared in amazement. "It is true . . . the pit has been moved! But we must save the white B'wana . . ."

"No!"

Sheena sprang into view, a knife flashing in her hands. "Let Sheena attend to your white master! You are fools, but perhaps you do not know better. Listen to Sheena, and obey, and you will not be harmed. Now make your cage ready."

The natives huddled in fright at the sight of the Jungle Queen. Not even for the white man would they dare disobey her. With Bob and Chim close behind Sheena approached the edge of the pit and peered down.

Somewhere in the gloom a pistol cracked. Lead whistled past Sheena's head. "Get back, Sheena," cried Bob as he attempted to pull her out of range.

He was too late. Sheena screamed once in defiance and, her knife clutched in her hand, dove into the gaping maw of the pit.

Chim and Bob watched helplessly, appalled by the sounds which came up to them. Bob would have descended to aid Sheena, but he dared not. She was jealous of her vengeance. Then, suddenly, it was over and they heard Sheena's voice say triumphantly: "Lower the grass rope, my friends. And bid the natives prepare for a heavy burden!"

The sun was just peeking up in the east when the three again reached the tree hut. Bob sank exhausted to the floor and little Chim curled up on his nest of hubu leaves.

"I'll never forget it," said Bob. "The look on the High Commissioner's face when he saw the white hunter in his own cage, and carried by his own servants! And the way he thanked you, Sheena, for delivering the fellow to justice. He said he'd been trying to catch the fellow for years. And the punishment! To be . . ."

Sheena nodded grimly. "The punishment was well chosen. It will teach the white man a lesson he will not forget."

Bob shivered in spite of himself. "Well, I'm glad I'm not in his boots. Think of it—to be exhibited in a cage alongside of the animals he had captured and sold. Yes, it will teach him a lesson all right."

"The jungle people," said Sheena, "were never meant for cages. And Sheena protects her people."

# SKY GIRL

BY  
BILL  
GIBSON

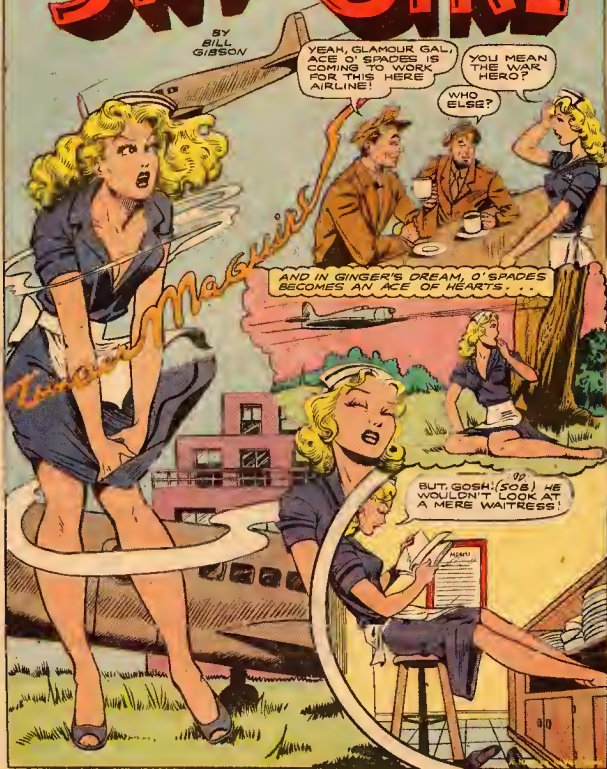
YEAH, GLAMOUR GAL,  
ACE O' SPADES, IS  
COMING TO WORK  
FOR THIS HERE  
AIRLINE!

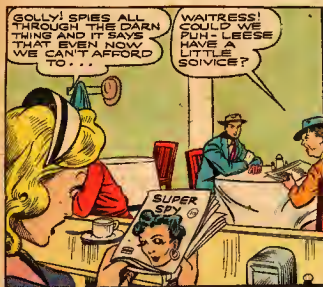
YOU MEAN  
THE WAR  
HERO?

WHO  
ELSE?

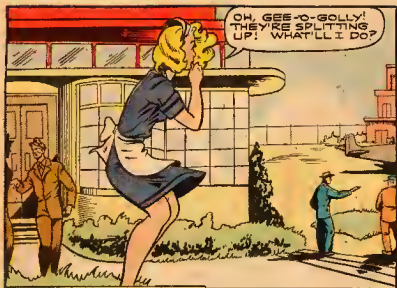
AND IN GINGER'S DREAM, O' SPADES  
BECOMES AN ACE OF HEARTS. . .

BUT, GOSH! (SOB) HE  
WOULDN'T LOOK AT  
A MERE WAITRESS!









OH, GEE-O-GOLLY!  
THEY'RE SPLITTING  
UP! WHAT'LL I DO?

JERRY, NO TIME TO  
TALK! FOLLOW THAT  
ONE! I'LL TAKE THE  
OTHER... THE ATOM  
BOMB'S GONNA BE  
STOLEN!

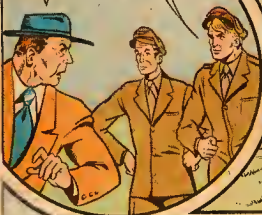
OKAY!



BUT, A MOMENT LATER...

SAY! ARE  
YOUSE BODS  
FOLLOWIN'  
ME?

WE SURE  
ARE,  
BRIGHT-  
EYES...



THERE ARE A FEW THINGS  
WE WANT TO TALK ABOUT!

POLICE,  
HELP!



TAXI! GET ME OUTA  
HERE! THEM LUNATICS  
TRIED TO KILL ME!

RIGHTO,  
GUV'NOR!

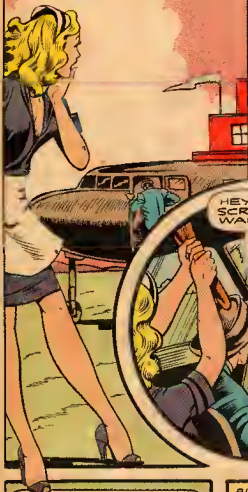


FOLLOW THAT  
OTHER CAB!

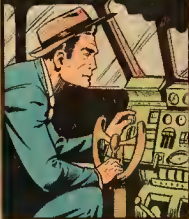
YEAH, IT'S A MATTER OF  
LIFE AND  
DEATH... OR  
WORSE!



THAT PLANE... THE  
SPY'S GETTING  
INTO IT AND IT'S  
SCHEDULED FOR  
THE NEXT FLIGHT!



UMMM... SWEET! NOT  
MUCH DIFFERENT  
FROM A COMBAT  
PLANE!



NOT ONLY THE  
ATOM BOMB,  
HE'S GONNA  
SABOTAGE  
THIS SHIP!



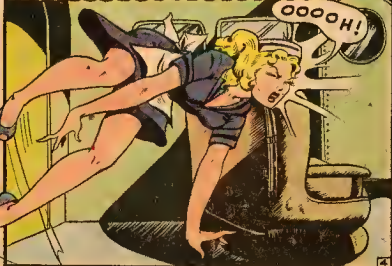
HEY, IT'S THE  
SCREWBALL  
WAITRESS!

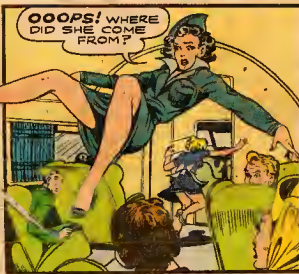
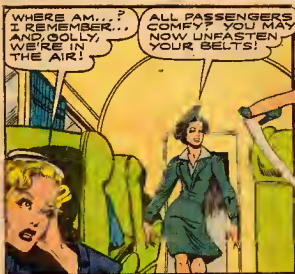


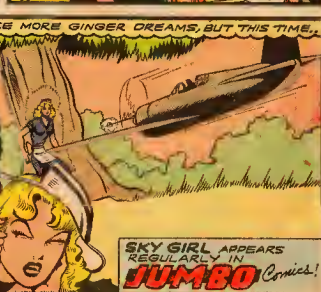
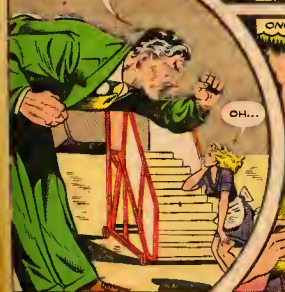
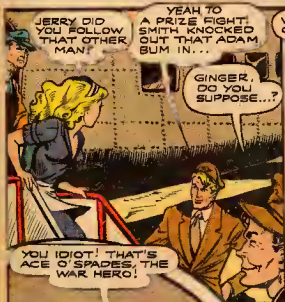
THERE, HE'S OUT COLD,  
AND SAFE IN THIS  
COMPARTMENT FOR  
A WHILE! NOW FOR  
SOME HELP!



BUT AS GINGER TURNS TO LEAVE, SHE BANGS  
HER FOOLISH HEAD, STUNNING HERSELF...









## BY MAJOR THORPE

WITH OFFICES ON THE  
TWENTIETH FLOOR OF  
THE EMPIRE OFFICE  
BUILDING, ZX-5, WORLD  
RENOWNED SECRET  
OPERATIVE, WILL NOW  
ACCEPT CASES RE-  
QUIRING SPECIAL  
INVESTIGATION.

WELL, THIS *IS* A SURPRISE!  
EMPIRE BUILDING, EH? I'LL  
HAVE A LOOK IN...

PRETTY FANCY OFFICES!  
NAME ON THE DOOR...

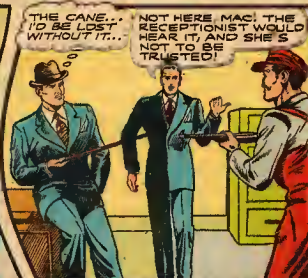
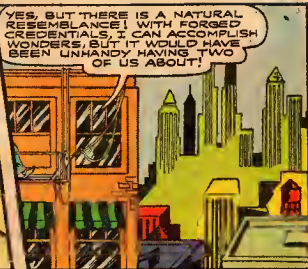
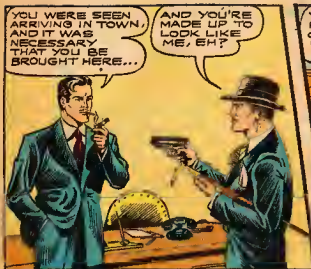
ZX-5

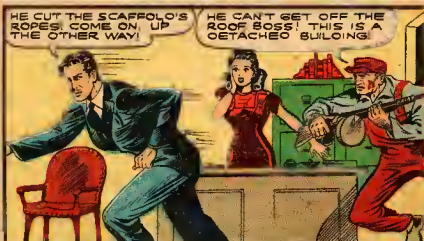
**SPECIAL INVESTIGATOR**

JUST A MINUTE, YOU  
CAN'T GO IN THERE!  
SAY, AM I SEEING  
THINGS?

ALL RIGHT,  
TALK FAST!  
WHAT'S THIS  
ALL ABOUT?

WELL, ZX-5, YOU SHOULD  
FEEL PROUD... I HAD  
ONE NEWSPAPER  
PRINTED  
**ESPECIALLY**  
FOR YOU!



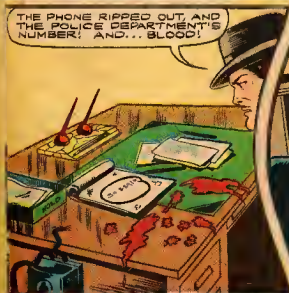
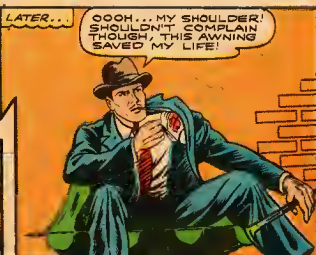


HE CAN'T GET OFF THE ROOF BOSS! THIS IS A DETACHED BUILDING!

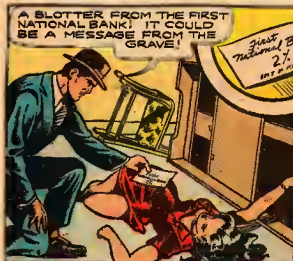


GOOD WORK!









A SLOTTED FROM THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK! IT COULD BE A MESSAGE FROM THE GRAVE!

First National Bank  
2%  
INTEREST

AT THAT TIME...

YES I'D LIKE TO OPEN AN ACCOUNT. YOU MIGHT LIKE TO SEE THESE CREDENTIALS.

WELL, SO YOU'RE Z-X-5!



IT'S REALLY TIME FOR THE BANK TO CLOSE, BUT I'M DELIGHTED TO CHAT WITH YOU!

THANK YOU!

THE HANDKERCHIEF! THAT'S THE BOSS' SIGNAL!

YEH, I SAW IT!

TELLER

TELLER

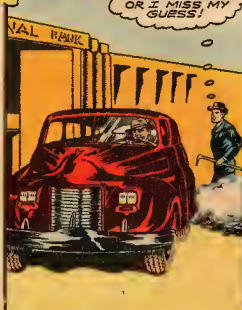


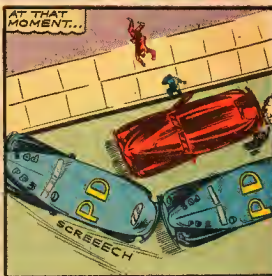
THROUGHOUT THE GREAT INSTITUTION, SIGNALS ARE EXCHANGED...

WHILE OUTSIDE...

HMM... ENGINE'S RUNNING! THAT'S A GETAWAY CAR OR I MISS MY GUESS!

THIS CALLS FOR A FEW CAPSULES OF MY SPECIAL PRESCRIPTION...





# THE GHOST GALLERY

BY DREW MURDOCH

EXTRA

WEATHER: Today...  
fair and warmer.

Newport Herald

EXTRA

## MILLIONAIRE'S YACHT SINKS

FRANK DIXON AND ALL  
HANDS LOST AT SEA.

STORM FOILS JOHN AARON'S  
RESCUE ATTEMPT.

SON-IN-LAW SEES YACHT "STORMY  
NIGHT" FOUNDER IN HEAVY SEA.

NEWPORT IS STILL  
RECOVERING FROM  
THE SHOCK OF THE  
LOSS OF ONE OF  
ITS MOST DIS-  
TINGUISHED  
CITIZENS...



FRANK DIXON.



"STORMY NIGHT."

THE ACCIDENT  
OCCURED AT MID-  
NIGHT OFF COD  
REEF JUST SEVEN  
MILES FROM SHORE.



THE FORMER  
MILDRED DIXON AND  
HER HUSBAND, JOHN  
AARON.

SURE, I KNOW THE SCOFFERS  
SNEER AT GHOSTS AND SWEAR  
THERE IS NO SCIENTIFIC BASIS  
FOR THEIR EXISTENCE. BUT  
WHAT ABOUT THIS STORY? I  
CHALLENGE THOSE SKEPTICS  
TO EXPLAIN IT!



A Marble River Scan

...IT HAPPENED JUST SIX MONTHS AFTER THOSE HEADLINES BROKE. THAT'S WHEN I CAME INTO THE PICTURE. I WAS AT THE HORSE RACES WHEN...



ALL HANDS WERE LOST, INCLUDING OIXON. BY THE WAY, THAT'S A HUNCH... THERE'S A NAG RUNNING IN THE SIXTH NAMED STORMY NIGHT...



SOON... FOR YOU, SIR, FROM MRS. AARON.

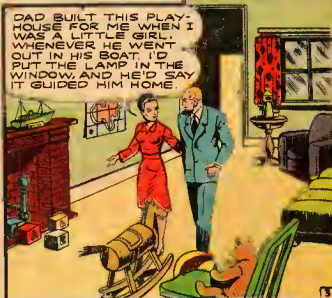


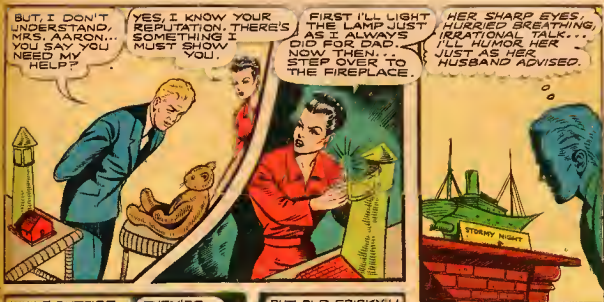
1st. HORSE RED CROOK... BOY SWEET THING... JONES DARDENELLA... O'SULLIVAN GRAND SLAM... MARTIN

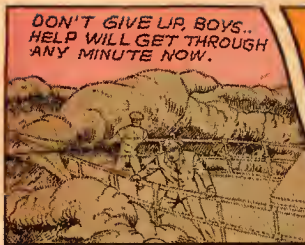
2nd. MY OWN... BLUM TRY AGAIN... WEBB NEVER MAKE IT... HANNIGAN

Mr. Murdoch... Impertinent I see you tonight at High Cliff... Don't fail me... Mildred Aaron.









JOHN, MY HUSBAND,  
WAS OUT IN HIS  
PLANE THAT NIGHT.  
YOU SAW IT,  
MR. MURDOCH?



YES- YES... THERE  
WAS SOMETHING  
THERE ON THE  
WINDOW-PANE..  
AND I DID HEAR  
STRANGE  
NOISES!  
WHAT'S THAT?



AS YOU'LL TELL... I'LL MAKE YOU TELL!



HERE... TAKE BACK YOUR MONEY NOW YOU'LL COME WITH OLD FRISKY AND TELL MY SHIPMATES I GAVE IT BACK!



SHHH... DON'T BE FRIGHTENED... HE'S CRAZY... WE'VE GOT TO HUMOR HIM, OR HE'LL KILL US.

GIT ALONG... MY SHIPMATES WILL BE WAITING... YOU'RE GOING TO TELL 'EM EVERYTHING.

THAT'S OLD FRISKY... I DON'T KNOW WHERE HE CAME FROM, BUT I'VE GOT TO STOP HIM FROM TALKING...

I'LL KILL HIM AND THEY'LL THINK I WAS TRYING TO SAVE THEM.

ON WITH YUH... TAKE THE BEACH PATH.



DON'T TRY ANY OF YOUR TRICKS ON OLD FRISKY... OHHH...

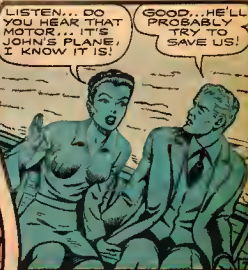
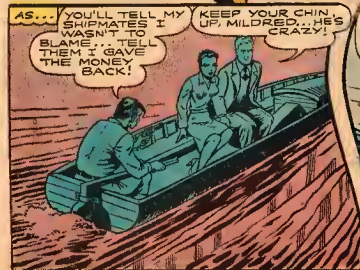
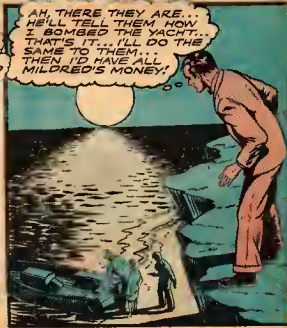
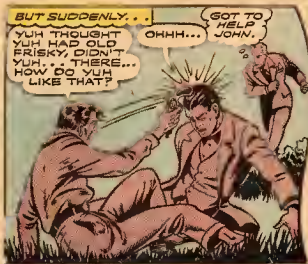
I GOT 'IM...

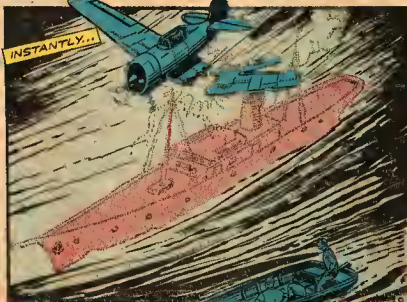
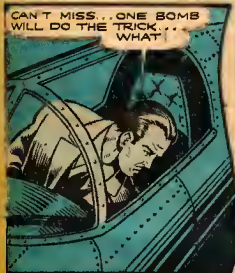
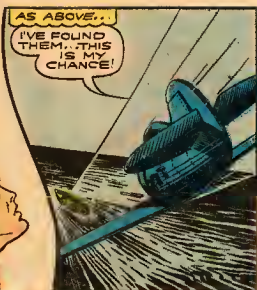


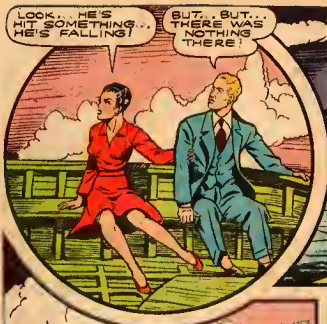
GOT TO KILL HIM WITH HIS OWN GUN... KILL HIM BEFORE HE TELLS!





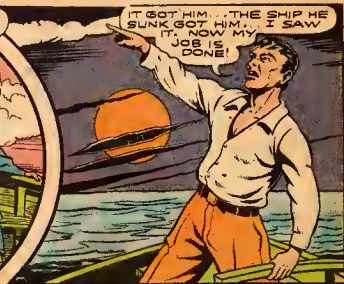






LOOK... HE'S  
HIT SOMETHING...  
HE'S FALLING!

BUT... BUT...  
THERE WAS  
NOTHING  
THERE!



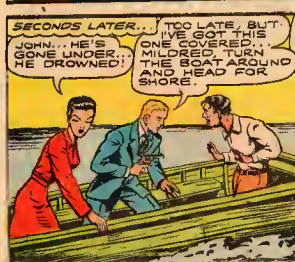
IT GOT HIM... THE SHIP HE  
SUNK GOT HIM... I SAW  
IT. NOW MY  
JOB IS  
DONE!



HERE THEY COME...  
MR. DIXON AND THE  
CREW... THEY'LL  
TAKE CARE OF HIM...  
THEY WILL!

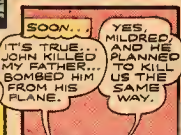


GO AWAY... GO  
AWAY... LEAVE  
ME ALONE...  
DON'T TOUCH  
ME



SECONDS LATER...  
JOHN... HE'S  
GONE UNDER...  
HE DROWNED!

TOO LATE, BUT...  
I'VE GOT THIS  
ONE COVERED...  
MILDRED, TURN  
THE BOAT AROUND  
AND HEAD FOR  
SHORE.



SOON...

IT'S TRUE...  
JOHN KILLED  
MY FATHER...  
BOMBED HIM  
FROM HIS  
PLANE.

YES,  
MILDRED,  
AND HE  
PLANNED  
TO KILL  
US THE  
SAME  
WAY.

UNDER A  
DOCTOR'S  
CARE, FRISKY,  
THE OLD MAN  
SOON RE-  
COVERED. HE  
CONFERRED  
THAT JOHN  
HAD BRIBED  
HIM TO SHOW  
A LIGHT ON  
THE SHIP SO  
JOHN COULD  
FIND AND  
BOMB IT THAT  
NIGHT IN THE  
STORM.

*Murdoch*



GHOST GALLERY IN  
EVERY ISSUE OF  
**JUMBO Comics!**

# I Will Show You How to Learn RADIO by Practicing in Spare Time

**I Send You  
6 Big Kits  
of Radio Parts**



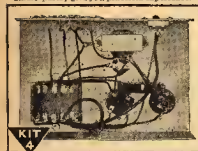
**KIT 1**  
I send you Soldering Equipment and Radio Parts; show you how to do Radio soldering; how to mount and connect Radio parts; give you practical experience.



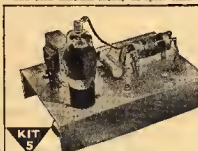
**KIT 2**  
Early in my course I show you how to build this N.R.I. Tester with parts I send. It soon helps you fix neighborhood Radios and earn EXTRA money in spare time.



**KIT 3**  
You get parts to build Radio Circuits; then test them; see how they work; learn how to design special circuits; how to locate and repair circuit defects.



**KIT 4**  
You get parts to build this Vacuum Tube Power Pack; make changes which give you experience with packs of many kinds; learn to correct power pack troubles.



**KIT 5**  
Building this A. M. Signal Generator gives you more valuable experience. It provides amplitude-modulated signals for many tests and experiments.



**KIT 6**  
You build this Superheterodyne Receiver which shines in local and distant stations—and gives you more experience to help you win success in Radio.

## **KNOW RADIO—Win Success** **I Will Train You at Home—SAMPLE LESSON FREE**

Send coupon for **FREE** Sample Lesson, "Getting Acquainted with Receiver Servicing," and **FREE** 64-page book, "Win Rich Rewards in Radio." See how N.R.I. trains you at home. Read how you practice building, testing, repairing Radios with **SIX BIG KITS** of Radio parts I send you.

**Future for Trained Men  
Is Bright in Radio,  
Television, Electronics**

The Radio Repair business is booming NOW. Fixing Radios pays good money as a spare time or full time business. Trained Radio Technicians also find good pay opportunities in Police, Aviation, Marine Radio, in Broadcasting, Radio

Manufacturing, Public Address work, etc. Think of the boom coming now that new Radios can be made! Think of even greater opportunities when Television and Electronics are available to the public!

**Many Beginners Soan  
Make \$5, \$10 a Week  
EXTRA in Spare Time**

The day you enroll I start sending **EXTRA MONEY** JOB SHEETS to help you

**Our 32nd Year of Training Men for Success in Radio**

make **EXTRA** money fixing Radios in spare time while learning. **MAIL COUPON** for sample lesson and 64-page book **FREE**. It's packed with facts about opportunities for you. Read about my course. Read letters from men I trained, telling what they are doing, earning. **MAIL COUPON** in envelope or paste on penny postal. **J. E. SMITH, President, Dept. 6FN, National Radio Institute, Pioneer Home Study Radio School, Washington 9, D. C.**

### **Good for Both—FREE**

MR. J. E. SMITH, President, Dept. 6FN  
National Radio Institute, Washington 9, D. C.  
Mail me F1156, your sample lesson and 64-page book. (No salesman will call. Please write plainly.)

Name ..... Age .....  
Address .....  
City ..... State ..... Zip .....

( ) If you are a war veteran, check here



**My Course Includes Training in  
TELEVISION • ELECTRONICS**



# GET STRONG! HAVE MUSCLES OF STEEL

Now have those bulging strong man muscles. Get strong! Mould a powerful all-around body lined with steel-like muscles. Boast of sinewy arms like the village blacksmith... a crushing grip... a mighty chest... a powerful back that shows superman strength and legs that spell ENDURANCE. Yes! in just 15 MINUTES A DAY with this PROGRESSIVE COMBINATION will quickly do the trick. Get this 6-way home gym. NOW... start building tomorrow's muscles TODAY. Build your body into a virile, dynamic machine of tiger strength. No room these days for weaklings. You must be STRONG to get ahead... get Herculean strength easily at home in spare time with this newly invented chest pull and bar bell combination.

## A Six-Way Progressive Muscle Building Set

This outfit is rightly named a 6-Way Progressive Muscle Building Set... includes practically all the advantages of a gym and permits you to do your training and muscle building right at home in spare time. The beauty of it is that you add resistance as you increase your strength. In quick time, you will be handling the 5 super-power live rubber cables. The Bar-Bell hook-up permits you to do all kinds of Bar-Bell workouts, to practice weight lifting and bring into play muscles of less, chest, arms and back so you build as you train. Then there are expertly prepared pictures and printed instructions to show you just what to do to get bursting strength fast. All of the following are included:

1. Bar-Bell Equipment for powerful muscles in every part of the body.
2. The 5 Cable Progressive Chest Builder for building a mighty chest and mighty arms.
3. Patented Foot Stirrups and Muscle Co-ordinator for complete body building.
4. Rowing machine for back and legs.
5. Grip of Steel for wrist and hand muscles.
6. Wall Pull for shoulders.

ALL MADE WITH U. S. GOVERNMENT RELEASED

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